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# Concert: Student Composition Recital

Brian Diller

Ithaca College Composition Students

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# **Student Composition Recital**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall**

**November 14, 2010**

**8:15 p.m.**

## Program

### Veiled Fathoms

Alexas Dominique Esposito

- I. This Living Hand (John Keats)
- II. O Breath (Elizabeth Bishop)
- III. I Crave Your Mouth, Your Voice, Your Hair (Pablo Neruda)  
*Ashley Carver, soprano; Katie Bickford, alto*  
*Jared Goldstein, tenor; Jarrett Bastow, baritone*  
*Christopher Sforza, Nadine Cohen, violins*  
*Jackie Timberlake, viola; Tyler Borden, cello*

### I've Loved You So Long

Amanda Morrell

- I. End-of-the-World-Moon
- II. Hop a Train (Serenade to a Parking Lot)
- III. Dried Roses, Yellow Buttons
- IV. ....comes a flood  
*James Rose, trumpet*

### Indoor Music

Adam D'Alexander

- I. Church Formations
- II. Framed Moths
- III. Window Sketch  
*Luke Matheson, piano*

### Girl, Awakened: Five Moments from the First Spring

Maria Shishmanian

- I. River
- II. Hands
- III. Night
- IV. Oranges
- V. Smoke  
*Maria Shishmanian, voice and guitar*  
*Candace Crawford, violin; Erin Snedecor, cello*

Shady Transaction

Ben Van De Water

*Stanley Howard, Ross Triner, bassoons;  
Joey Kaz, Trombone*

Quintet No. 1

Ryan Chiaino

I. Breathing

II. Sleeping

III. Dreaming

*Sam Thurston, Micaela Connelly, trumpets  
Ryan Chiaino, horn; Ethan Zawisza, trombone  
Bill Connors, tuba*

Improvisation Ensemble

*Erika Lundahl, voice; Nils Schwerzmann, violin  
Erin Snedecor, Thillman Benham, cello  
Ben Conlon, electric guitar; Kay Adams, piano*

I am a Moth

Kay Adams

*Cora Crisman, flute; Brad Pipenger, bass clarinet  
Matteo Longhi, violin; Peter Volpert, cello  
Alexander Rosetti, piano; Andrew Thomson, percussion.  
Brian Diller, conductor*

Composers are from the studios of Jorge Grossmann and Dana Wilson  
The Improvisation Ensemble is under the direction of Louise Mygatt

## Notes

This Living Hand (John Keats)

This living hand, now warm and capable  
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold  
And in the icy silence of the tomb,  
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights  
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood  
So in my veins red life might stream again,  
And thou be conscience-calmed—see here it is—  
I hold it towards you.

O Breath (Elizabeth Bishop)

Beneath that loved and celebrated breast,  
silent, bored really blindly veined,  
grieves, maybe lives and lets  
live, passes bets,  
something moving but invisibly,  
and with what clamor why restrained  
I cannot fathom even a ripple.  
(See the thin flying of nine black hairs  
four around one five the other nipple,  
flying almost intolerably on your own breath.)  
Equivocal, but what we have in common's bound to be there,  
whatever we must own equivalents for,  
something that maybe I could bargain with  
and make a separate peace beneath  
within if never with.

I Crave Your Mouth, Your Voice, Your Hair (Pablo Neruda)

I crave your mouth, your voice, your hair.  
Silent and starving, I prowl through the streets.  
Bread does not nourish me, dawn disrupts me, all day  
I hunt for the liquid measure of your steps.  
I hunger for your sleek laugh,  
your hands the color of a savage harvest,  
hunger for the pale stones of your fingernails,  
I want to eat your skin like a whole almond.  
I want to eat the sunbeam flaring in your lovely body,  
the sovereign nose of your arrogant face,  
I want to eat the fleeting shade of your lashes,  
and I pace around hungry, sniffing the twilight,  
hunting for you, for your hot heart,  
like a puma in the barrens of Quitratue.